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How can a man tell his wife that he wants her to treat him like a baby?

Q: For as long as I can remember, I have taken particular delight in wearing diapers and plastic pants. When I was eleven or twelve, I would sneak some of my baby sister's diapers into my bedroom. When the rest of the family had gone to bed, I would put the diapers on, squeeze myself into a pair of toddler (large size) baby pants which I had bought for myself, purposely wet my pants, and then fall asleep, making sure I got up early enough to pretend that I was a baby who awoke in the morning after accidentally wetting his pants. I would then remove the wet diapers and baby pants and put the diapers in the diaper pail.

In my high school years, I found a mail order catalog that offered a large selection of waterproof pants in all sizes. Then an inquiry at a drugstore led me to a surgical supply store, where I was able to buy plastic pants even in adult sizes.

When I went to college, I got myself a room in a boardinghouse, and, whenever I felt like it, I put on diapers and plastic pants and masturbated after wetting my pants. I suppose at times I substituted wet diapers for a wet vagina.

That brings me to my present situation. I got married almost three years ago, and I truly love my wife. She loves me. I am sure that she has absolutely no idea of my secret desires. We have a relatively active sex life, but it mainly consists of regular missionary-style intercourse, mutual masturbation and a very rare session of oral sex. My wife accepts new sexual situations very slowly, and seems to be quite content with conventional sex.

For a while now I have kept my baby paraphernalia hidden at home. Whenever I get the opportunity, I put on my diapers and plastic pants and wet my pants, pretending that I can't help it because I'm a baby. Then I masturbate. For the longest while this bothered me and left me with severe guilt feelings, because I thought I

was the only person in the world who did this kind of thing, and I couldn't figure out why I enjoyed it so much. But now I don't feel guilty anymore, because of the letters I have read in *Variations*. I've discovered, much to my relief, that I am not unique when it comes to enjoying this pleasure.

Anyway, what I would like to ask is, how can I share this fantasy with my wife? I'm afraid to tell my wife that I enjoy wearing diapers and waterproof pants and wetting my pants, and that I would like her to treat me like a baby.

Mr. M.D.,
Washington

A: Your fear is based on the belief that if your wife discovered your sexual behavior, she might be repelled and no longer love you. As I don't know your wife, I can't give you any assurance to the contrary, so the obvious thing is to make sure your wife develops healthy attitudes about sexuality along with an understanding of the broad spectrum of sexual behavior that exists.

From what you say about her conservative behavior, this may not be easy.

Try explaining to her that you would like to expand your sexual horizons. Attend lectures, take turns reading letters in *Variations* and ask her what she thinks about them. Observe her reactions to letters which discuss the kind of sexual behavior that turns you on, and attend workshops on human sexuality.

If she seems to be developing a nonjudgmental attitude toward sex, pluck up your courage and tell her the truth. If not, then—sadly enough—you will just have to keep your secret to yourself.

Remember that you are trying to get your wife to restructure her attitudes about sex in general, not just to accept the kind of sexual behavior that interests you. If she can do this, then perhaps she will be able to understand and accept your point of view.

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

OUT OF THE CRIB AND INTO THE STREET

Thanks for the great section on infantilism in your August '83 issue! To some it must be surprising how many people share the urge to be babyish, but to those of us who dig it, it can be very sexy and tremendously exciting.

I'm a twenty-three-year-old gay man, and I've fantasized about diaper humiliation since the age of seven or eight. You see, at our boys' school there was a very handsome gym teacher who often punished misbehavior by publicly pinning a diaper over the offender's gym shorts. Then the diaper-clad lad was made to go outside and sit on the sidelines while the other boys played sports. Naturally, the other guys delighted in teasing the one in diapers. I guess



that is how my infantilistic tendencies began.

I really got off on the attention I got this way from the other guys, so I often irritated Mr. G (who I now think was probably an infantilist himself). I would be called to the front of the gym, told to lie down on the hardwood floor and then have my diaper pinned on, while my classmates laughed and called me names such as "Pee Wee" and "Diaper Boy." I also liked it when other naughty lads had to submit to this kind of humiliating discipline, and I really enjoyed teasing the blushing victim.

After ninth grade I went to another school, so my infantile urges went "underground." When I went to college at eighteen, they resurfaced very quickly. Seeing the other hunky dudes in my dorm running around in their tight white briefs, I would fantasize about viewing them in diapers or about being diapered by them. Then one evening, when my roommate, Don, was out, I bought some diaper pins, baby oil and a baby bottle at a convenience store. Back in the dorm, I thoroughly oiled my cock, balls and ass with the fragrant baby oil, then pinned on a white bath towel with the diaper pins. I lay back on

the bed, sucking milk from the baby bottle, and rubbed my hard cock through the tightly pinned diaper. At last, at last, I was able to feel like an infant again! When I had drained all the milk from my bottle, I crawled into the bathroom and pissed in my diaper, delighting in the warm, wet sensation. After jerking off, I quickly showered and cleaned everything up before Don returned.

Soon I craved even more. I missed the humiliation of public display, so one evening I decided to take a chance and let Don "catch" me in my wet diaper. I lay on my bed, sprawled on my back, and sucked at my baby bottle, my cock straining against my pee-drenched diaper as I waited for Don's return. I had a fantasy in which I promised to be his slave if he would keep my secret. Don was very cute and athletic, and even though he wasn't gay, he had always been very affectionate.

Well, when Don opened the door to our room that evening, he wasn't alone! Two of his buddies from the soccer team had come up with him for a beer, and there I was for all of them to see—diapered, soaking wet, and sucking a baby bottle, at the age of nineteen! When I jumped up and bolted for the bathroom, they grabbed me and held me while all the guys in the dorm were invited to witness my total humiliation. Don was nearly as embarrassed as I was; he'd put up with some kidding because his roommate was gay, but now this!

I lied and told all the guys that I had been punishing myself for wetting my bed the previous night. This only increased the level of their teasing. They took all of my briefs out of the drawer and set fire to them in a metal wastebasket. They brought a stack of white towels from the supply room and placed them in my underwear drawer, declaring that a "baby" my age had no business wearing men's jockey shorts. Then they pinned me down on the floor, removed my wet diaper and threw it in my face, laughing and teasing me the whole time. I was blushing and protesting the whole time, but my prick gave away the fact that I was loving every minute of it.

Don was so disgusted with me that he moved into another dorm, and I had the room to myself. I went to a drugstore and bought plastic pants in my size to wear over my diapers, as well as a large bib, more baby bottles, and some ointment to fend off diaper rash. For the rest of my college career, I remained in diapers and plastic pants, a fact known by everyone on campus. I was even invited by a sorority to be the "Baby New Year" at their New Year's Eve party. I accepted, and everybody seemed to love it.

Now that I hold down a responsible position in local government, my infantilism is less open. I have to be extremely careful. I occasionally go out to remote convenience stores, however, wearing just a t-shirt, a wet diaper and plastic pants. Making sure that everybody in the store is male, I go in and parade around a bit, then buy a baby bottle, pacifier, etc. The guys usually just grin and shake their heads, shocked that a man my age is running around in wet pants. They'd better get used to it, though, because more and more of us overgrown infants are crawling out of our cribs and into the streets!

Mr. (Name and address withheld)